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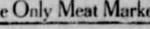
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# GO TO SHAW'S

"Niente, njepte!" he said in his best Italian. He did not understand what

the inspector said. He merely had sumicions.
"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Hillard. Passing out of the door which led to

"Kitty Klifigrew, as I live!" shouted Merribew, making a dash for the door. But the inspector blocked the way, beckened to a gendarme, who came

hew's unopened cases, "Open!" said the inspector.

Merribew handled his keys clumsily It is ever thus when one is in a hurry. Finally he threw back the lids, feeling that in another moment he must have sponted Italian or French out of pure magic simply to tell this fool inspector

"Oho, monsieur in a hurry!" mocked the inspector. "Nothing, nothing!" He took out two boxes of cigars.

"Why the devil didn't you tell me you had them?" Hillard demanded weathfully. To find the women by this again for two boxes of cigare! It was

# Make The Home Cheerful \*The Lure



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The inspector went through Merri-

hew's possessions with premeditated

leisure. Everything had to come out.

He even opened the shaving sets, the

collar box, the pin cases and the tic

bag.
"Will you hasten?" asked Hillard.

We do not wish to miss this train."

Hillard produced a five franc piece

The inspector laughed without noise

and shook his head. This one inspector

is impervious to money or smooth speeches. He is the law personlified.

Hillard strained his eyes, but say

ofther Kitty nor the veiled lady again

Doubtless they were already on the

traveler he would have left him to ge

to Monte Carlo the best way he could

but Merrihew was as helpless as a

child and he hadn't the heart to desert

him, though he deserved to be desert-

wheel went the whistle. The train

for Monte Carlo was drawing out, and

they were being left behind. Hillard

swore and Merrihew went white with

Impotent anger. If only he could hit

something! The inspector smiled and

went on with his deadly work. When

he was certain that they could not pos-

sibly catch the train he handed the

cigars to their owner and pointed to

"What shall I do now, Jack?" Merri-

"I refuse to help you. Find out your

So Merrihew, hopeless and subdued.

went into the room designated, saw

the cigars taken out and weighed, took

the bill and presented it with a hun-

dred lire note at the little window in

Procuring his change, he found Hill-

lard sitting disconsolately on the bar

"I hope you are perfectly satisfied,"

said Hillard, with an amiability which

wouldn't have passed muster any

hem. He stuffed his pockets with ci-

gars, slammed the boxes into the case

"I know that, too, but I didn't want you to lecture me."

than waiting here in this barn for

"A lecture would have been better

"Oh, there's a restaurant, but it's not

much better than this. It's bad-files

And by the time they had found the

Ristorante Tornaghi - miserable and

"Only I wish I knew where they

"Yes. The woman with Kitty is the

woman I'm going to find if I stay in

Europe ten years. And when I find

her I'm going to marry her."
"Sounds good," said Merrihew, pour-

ing himself a third glass of very indif-

"And they may be going anywhere

but to Monte Carlo-Paris, Cherbourg.

ing came the man with the scar.

ossesses a singular beauty.

it and a duchess ignore it.

drenmy eyes?

"Yes. Kitty."

they met Kitty's.

"Hilda?" said Kitty.

out of Nice, is a modest little villa, so

n a steamer chair, gazing seaward

standing in the casement window,

stared at her silently, not without

La Signorina's eyes wandered till

"And what good would it do you

know? Would it bring money from

"I warned you about tobacco."

"You should have told me."

"Three hours?" despondently

uninviting-they were laughing.

"They?" said Merrihew.

likely to go to alone."

Carlo.

were going," was Hillard's regret.

a sign the other side of the barricade

Had Merrihew been an old

laconicatly.

mexorable.

train.

hew asked.

where.

and locked them up.

three hours.'

and greasy plates."

"Others follow," said the inspector

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* CHAPTER XI.

A BOX OF CIGARS. the way up to Rome Hillard and his pupil had a second cinss compartment all te bemseives. The train was a fast one, for the day of slow travel has passed in Italy, and the cry of speed is heard over the land.

There was a change of cars at Rome

and a wait of two hours. After luncheon Merribew secretly bought two boxes of cigars to carry along. They were good cigars and cost him \$15. He covered them with some newspapers and at the statica succeeded by some legerdemain in slipping them into one of his cases. Hillard would have lectured him on his extravagance, and this was a good way to avoid it. But some hours later be was going to be very sorry that be and not made a confidant of his guide.

As they were boarding the train they

noticed two gentlemen getting into the

forward compartment of the carriage.

"Humph! Our friend with the scar, said Hillard. "We do not seem able to shake him." "I'd like to shake him. He goes against the grain somehow." Merri hew swung into the compartment. "I

wonder why the Sandfords dropped him?" "For some good reason. They are a liberal pair, and if our friend forward offended them it must have been some thing outside the pale of forgiveness But I should like to know where old

Glovanni is. I miss him." "Poor devil!" said Merribew, with careless sympathy. "Monte Cario! Gold, gold, little round pieces of gold!" Merrihew rub

ed his bands like a miser.

"Hard to get and heavy to hold!"
quoted Hillard. "I suppose that you
have a system siready worked out." "Of course. I shall win if I stick to

"Or if the money lasts. Bury your good. Trust to luck only. Monte Carlo is the graveyard of systems."

"But maybe my system is the one You can't tell till I have tried it." Soon the train began to lift into the mountains, the beautiful Apennines. By the time they arrived in Genoa. late at night, both compared favorably with the coalers in the harbor of Na-

Early the next morning the adventurers set out for Monte Carlo-more tunnels; a compartment filled with women and children. But the beauty

of the Riviera was compensation. Ventimiglia, or Vintimille, has a sinter sound in the ears of the traveler perchance be be a man fond of his tobacco. The train drew in. A dozen steps more and one was virtually in France. But there is generally a slight before one takes the aforesald steps—the French customs. A porter pped his head into the window.

"Eight minutes for examination uggage!" he cried. "Come, Dan," cried Hillard; "lively if we want good seats when we come

out. We change trains." After a short skirmish they located their belongings. They would have to be patient.

Among the inspectors at Ventimiglia is a small, wisened Frenchman with a face as cold and impassive as the sand blown sphinx. He possesses, among other accomplishments, a nose peculiar less for its shape than for its smell. He can "smell out" tobacco as a witch doctor in Zululand smells out a "devil." Fate directed this individual toward the Americans. Hillard knew him of station of its size in Europe, Monte old, and he never forgets a face, this

winesed little man. eur has nothing to declare?" Hillard made a negative sign and opened his cases. With scarce a giance at their contents and waving

"Monsieur has nothing to declare?"

liberty and to France, their luggage ROCKERS guaranteed by cabalistic chalk marks,
A RUGS were two women. One of them was
DES velled; the other was not.

over, and calmly pointed to Merri

"But" - Merribew atruggled to pass.
"For heaven's sake," cried Hillard,

that I am unhappy. The adventuress. what he thought of him.

> "Adventuress?" Kitty laughed worthfully. "The proprietor pretends he does not know you, but I am certain he does. He forgets himself sometimes n the way he bows to you." Kitty paused, then asked:

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"Because you told me I pever asked night. I was mad to think that I could

"How beautiful that white sail; warn you to speak to no one while am playing and under no circum "You know all about me," went on stances raise your vell. They have be

Rutland.

Kitty stubbornly.

ou a single question." La Signorina shrugged.



"It is not curiosity," declared Kitty 'It is because I love you and because it makes me sad when I hear you against the chair as you did just now." La Signorina murned again in a pas

sion which was as fierce as it was sud "There is a man," she hissed, he eyes dilating. "But I loathe blan, I hate blin, I abhor blin! And were not wicked to kill be would have been dead long ago. Enough! If you ever ask another question I will leave you." "I am sorry." said Kitty. "He wa

false to you and broke your heart." "No, Kitty, only my pride." "It is a strange world," mused Kitts "Let us turn to our affairs. I re ceived a letter today."

Calais. In my opinion, Monte Carlo is "From home?" eagerly. the last place two such women are "I have no home, Kitty. The letter is from a friend in Naples. Mr. Hil-So they sat in the dingy restaurant. lard and Mr. Merribew, friends of smoking and taughing and grumbling yours, are in Italy," till the next train was announced. At Kitty could scarcely believe her it's roulette. "Where are they? Where are 4 that afternoon they arrived without ears.

further mishap at the most interesting they stopping? "That I do not know. But listen They have started out to find us When I tell you that Mr. Hillard is the gentleman I dired with that night before we sailed you will understand The Riviera, from San Remo on the my reasons for wishing to avoid him. Italian side to Cannes on the French. From this time on we must never ap-Villefranche stands above Nice, be If by chare we meet them we must tween that white city and Monte Care give no sign. It will be only for a lito. It is quiet and lovely. For this the while, Your letter will come soon, bank reason the great army of tourists pass and you may renew your acquaintance it by. There is no casino, no band, no with these two gentlemen when you streets full of tantalizing shops. On return home. It may be hard for you, the very western limit of Villefranche, but if you wish to stay with me my

on the winding white road which rises will must be a law unto you. "Not to speak to them if we meet modest that a ballerina would scorn them?" urged Kitty in dismay. "But of his mouth would impress the botel that is cruel of you. They are both In the balcony La Signorina reposed gentlemen.

"I do not know Mr. Merrihew, but I

The awning cast a warm glow as of can say that Mr. Hillard is a gentlegold upon her face and hair, a trans- man. As for being cruel, I am not parent shadow. She was at this monent the most precious thing upon which the eye may look, a wholly away from a kingdom?" asked Kitty might as well let me have my letter of seautiful woman. Kitty Killigrew, tiltterly. "One reads about them every

day in the papers."

to tic mystery.

Several minutes passed. Kitty look of sight." ed out to sea, and La Signorina closed Who and what are you?" Kitty her eyes, in her heart Kitty knew that she could no more leave this woman than she could fig. She was held by

curiosity, by sentiment, by the roman-

"I have chosen," she said at length

"My dear, you are free to choose one

"I shall stay with you." home any sooner? You already know "Thanks, Kitty. And now the at fairs of the company. We have played three days and have jost steadily. Tolose, tomorrow we shall return to Ven-I do not like the idea of going the low murmur of vokes, the soft to Monte Carlo at night. It is not ex rustle of sliks, the music of ringing actly safe. But since beggars mustn't gold, all combine to produce a pic

"Won't you tell me what the secret be choosers we soust go. Again I as beautiful as a mirage and as false.

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not go back to the Campo Formosa." Kitty accepted this news brightly Poor Kitty, you are trying in vain to If there was one place she hated I "Now run and dress," advised La

gun to notice us, but it will end to

win. And, by the way, Kitty, we shall

Signorina. "Let me dream a little more while the sun sets." She knew men tolerably well. After thirty they cease to follow visionsthey seek tangible things. No, they must never meet again. It would not he wise. Her heart called by disil lusion, might not withstand much torming. And she had no wish to add this irretrievable folly to the original blander. She was afraid.

The older woman kissed her fondly. 'And do you realize that you are the ost beautiful woman in the world?" asked Kitty. "Little fintterer!" "And if I were a man"-Kitty paused

till the end. With a sigh she rose and

went into the room. Kitty was busy

with the finishing touches of her tollet

"I'd fall in love with you and marry La Signorina looked into the mirror. CHAPTER XII.

GRAY VEILS.

THE fascination of Monte Carlo is not to be described-it must be seen. Vice shall be attract tive, says the mother of Satan At Monte Carlo it is more than at tractive; it is compelling. A subtle laugh, when I see you heat your hands hypnotism prevails, the lure of gold Fool and rogue, saint and sinner, her they meet and mingle and change To those who give Monte Carlo but a triffing glance, toss a coin or two on the tables and leave by the morrow'

train it has no real significance. It is simply one of the sights of Europe. To this latter class belonged the two young men. They had no fortunes to retrieve, no dishonesty to hide, no res tirutions to make, no dancers to clothe and house. It was but a mild filrtation

They had searched Nice and Monaco

and Mentone, but the women they

sought were not to be found. They decided, therefore, that the women had gone on to Paris. "My system needs a tonic," said Merrihew "We'll hold the funeral after to

night's play. Of all the damfool games

"And I can prove it." Merribew re

plied. "I have just \$50 left." He took out the gold and toyed with it. "Can't you hear it?" be asked. "The swan song of these tender na-

Merrihow had played the numbers

the dozens, the columns, the colors, odd and even. Sometimes he would

win a little, but a moment later the re lentless rake would drag it back to the Quite clever with her colors, don't you know," he drawled, plucking the down on his upper lip, for he was trying to raise a mustache, convinced that two waxed points of hair at each corner

"Don't be a jackass!" Hillard was out of sorts. "You agreed with me that I was one Why not let me make a finished prodnet?" good humoredly.

"Well," Merrihew finally said, "you

waiters and other facehini-baseborn.

credit now." You will not set eves upon it till we return to Genoa. That's final. I some envy, not without some awe, of two paths, I shall not arge you one know you, my boy, and I know Monte What was going on behind those way or the other, but you must choose Carlo. Even with your fifty, a watch and a ring I'm afraid to trust you out

"I can see that you will never for

give nor forget those bad cigars. Come

on. We'll take a look at our Italian

friend. He's a bad loser. I have seen him lose his temper too. It's my opinion that he's a desperate man." "They usually are when they come to Monte Carlo." So they walked round to the entrance to the gaming halfs, where the lights, the gowns, the jeweis, the sparkling eyes, the natural beauty and the beauty of enamel, the vague perfunes

They joined the arver ending process ston which passes in and out of the swinging doors day after day, year

"There's the chap with the scar. He is a handsome beggar." Hillard admit-ted. "I wonder what sort of blacking be is. He's no ordinary one. I'm cer tale. I begin to recognize the face of the man with him. He's a distinguish-

a number once in awhile, but making it a point to stake on the colors. Red began to repeat itself. He doubled and doubled. On the sixth consecutive turn he played the maximum of 12,000 france and won. The diplomat touched him on the arm significantly but the player shook his head. Ten minutes later he had won 40,000 francs. Again he refused to leave his

"If he stays now," said Hillard, "be will lose it all. His friend is right." "Forty thousand francs, \$8,000" murmared Merrihew sadly. Why couldn't be have luck like this?

Hillard was a true prophet. There came a change in the smile of fortune. The game jumped from color to color. seldom repeating, with zero making itself conspicuous. The man with the scar played on, but he began to losesmall sums at first, then larger til finally he was down to his original stake. The scar grew livid. He walted five turns of the wheel, then placed his stake on the second dozen. He Brussels Net, Nottingham and Colored Stripe Curtains, all new, and lost. He rose from his chair scowling His eye chanced to meet Hillard's, and

their glances held for a moment.
"Fool!" said Merrihew in an under tone as the man strolled leisurely past them. "Eight thousand and not content to quit!"

Meanwhile the trolleys from Nice and Mentone bad poured into Monte Carlo their usual burdens of pleasure seekers. On one of the cars from Nice there had arrived two women, both velled and simply gowned. They seldom addressed each other and never spoke to any one else. Doubtless they were some sober married women on for a lark. Upon leaving the car they did not at once go into the casino, but directed their steps toward the terraces, for the band was playing. They eat in the shadow of the statue of Massenet, and near by the rasp of a cricket broke in upon the music. When the music stopped they linked arms and sauntered up and down the wide sweep of stone, mutually interested in the crowds. Once as they passed be hind a bench the better to view the palaces of the prince they beard the voices of two men.

As they went on the women beard something about "those bad cigars." The men were Americans evidently It was only an inconsequent incident. and a moment later both had forgot

"At which table shall I make the

"The center. There is always a crush there, and we shall not be no "I do not agree with you there. How ever, it shall be the center table. What would you do. Kitty, if I should break No: they must go their separate ways

stake, Kitty?"



A picture, beautiful, but false "Die of excitement!" truthfully. "You will live through this event then." With a light, careless laugh La Signorina pressed her way to the fa

She lost steadily from the start. She

gave no sign, however, that her forces

were in full retreat from the enemy.

She played on, and the hand which placed the bets was stendy. And when the gold was all gone she opened ber empty hands expressively and shrugged. She was benten, Behind the chair of the banker, opposite, stood the Italian. The scowl still marred his forchead. When the wonan in the veil spread out her hands started. There was something famillar in that gesture. And then the

"Kitts," La Signorina whispered, "let us go out to the atrium. I am tired." They left the hall leisurely and found gardens. a vacant settle in the atrium. "How cold your hands are!" exclaimed Kitty.

woman saw him. For the briefest mo-

ment her form stiffened.

"Kitty, I am a fool, a fool! I have unwittingly put my bead in the lion's nouth. If I had not reached this seat in time I should have fallen. I would willingly give all my rings if at this moment I could run across the hall and out into the open!" "Merciful heaven! Why, what is

the matter? What has happened?"

"Was it some one you saw in there?"

"I cannot explain to you.

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"Silence, and sit perfectly still?" A man in evening dress came out into the atrium, lighting a cigarette. At the sight of him both women were startled.

"It is Mr. Hillard, Mr. Merribew's friend!" Kitty would have risen, but the other's strong hand restrained her. "Kitty, remember your promise." "Is he the man?" "No, no! Only I have said that we must not meet him. It might do him incalculable harm. Harm!" La 81-

gnorina repeated. "Do you under-Hillard blew outward a few pale rings of smoke and circled the atrium with an indolent glance which stopped as it rested upon the two veiled women. A certain curtosity impelled him toward them, and he sank on the settle with perhaps half a dozen spans of the hand between. He observed the women frankly. Not a single whisp of hair escaped the vells, not a line of any feature could be traced, and yet the tint of flesh shone dimly behind the silken bands of crape. He nodded.

The vells did not move. "Fortune favors the brave, but rare ly the foolish."

There was no response, but the

small shoe of the woman nearest began to beat the floor ever so lightly. Hillard was chagrined. Thereupon be bowed and sought another seat. The women hurrled to the lobby. He would have given them no further thought had not the Italian with the sear appeared, eyed the retreating figures doubtfully and then started after them. That he did not

know them Hillard was reasonably

ertain. He assumed that the Italian

saw a possible firtation. He rose quickly and followed The four departed from the cashio and crossed toward the Hotel de Paris. the women in the lead. As yet they had not observed that they were being followed. The car stops at this turn. As the women came to a stand one of them saw the approaching men. Instantly she fled up the street. The



A lady! Grace of Mary, that to droll!" might have entertained, this flight dissipated then. He knew now-he knew With a sharp cry of exuitation he broke into a run. So did Hillard. People turned and stared, but none sought to interest any of the ruppers. In Monte Carlo there are many strange scenes, and the knight errant often finds that his bump of caution bits sudde ly developed. And there were no police about; they were on the casino terraces or strolling through the

came a stretch of darkness between

one electric lamp and another. And

then, as if whisked away by magic

the feremost woman disappeared. The

other halted, breathless. She started

arely but too late. The Italian caught

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)

her roughly and quickly tore aside the "Kitty Killigrew!" Hillard cried. He sprang forward and grasped the Italian by the shoulders. The Italian struck out savagely, but Hillard seized

Adds wholesomeness to the food. leveland's

breads and cake.

